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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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The Greatness of Washington

Every nation has some great figure of its own by which it fixes the standard of greatness in man, but to America was given a figure whose greatness is more than national. The greatness of George Washington, observes a writer in the *Kansas City Star*, is universal, like that of Shakespeare; his name and fame abide in all lands.

The explanation is not difficult to find. Washington's greatness was in the man, and was not made by events. As a soldier he met defeat more often than victory, yet as a soldier he takes rank with the greatest in all lands and all ages. Washington lost many battles, but he never lost an army, and in that he outranks Napoleon. He had both the courage to fight and the courage to decline fighting, for his judgment always held complete sway over the man. He could afford not to win; he could not afford to lose. "The old fox," the British generals called him, and called him well. He had the supreme quality, without which there can be no great generalship, of making himself invisible, of turning up at unexpected places, of striking and disappearing.

Napoleon's soldiers in the first Italian campaign boasted that they won their general's victories with their legs. It was Washington's ability to move his army that saved the Revolution. The greatest military victory of the war was won at Saratoga by a third-rate general. The greatest military achievement of the war was Washington's retreat across the Jerseys, after having been beaten twice. We do not need Von Moltke's word for this, though he was a good judge, nor Cornwallis', though he was present. We have the pointing finger of history to read by. On that retreat the American Fabius—and the term was then one of reproach to Washington—snatched two victories that remain classics in war. With a beaten army in full retreat, in the dead of winter, he surprised and defeated two British armies in quick succession and got away before either could know where he came from or where he went. Trenton and Princeton stand high above Saratoga in military annals. In daring and in swiftness these movements are unsurpassed. The risks were great, yet were taken by a general whose cautiousness is a maxim of military science. Nothing approached these movements until a generation later when Napoleon, feinting at England, threw his army from the channel to Ulm.

DID NOT LOVE WAR.

Washington was a great soldier who did not love war. As a youth he felt, as he confessed, a "bent for arms," and Horace Walpole records that the young Virginia militia officer wrote in a dispatch from his first field something about the "charming sound" of the bullets. The dispatch is not authentic. In the fullness of his fame Washington was asked if he wrote it. "If I did," he replied gravely, "it was when I was very young." Without loving war for glory or waging it for fame, Washington rose to the front rank in an art pursued for a great cause alone, refusing pay for his services and laying down command in the hour of victory, and while the world rang with his renown, to retire to the life of a Virginia farmer.

If Washington's public life had ended with the end of the Revolution and his fame rested on his military achievement alone, we should still have to place him among the foremost of mankind.

But Washington's constructive genius was not misled by the results of the war. The military victory of the colonies ushered in their real test; it was then to be determined whether statesmanship could create a nation to seal the victory in the field; whether the idea of nationality could supplant in provincial minds the raw conception of the sovereignty of detached and jealous colonies. Washington the soldier retires from history, and Washington the statesman emerges. As the voice of Massachusetts called him to the command of armies, the voice of all now called the same great leader to guide the deliberations of that body that made the Constitution under which we live

today. Here again the American Fabius displayed the daring of Trenton. The colonies were not ready for nationality, but the cautious but sure judgment of Washington risked giving it. The Virginia plan drawn by Madison had his approval. It must be nationality or anarchy. Washington took the risk, knowing it to be a risk, declaring that what the convention did might be rejected by the people, but approving and guiding the deed. Let it be conceded that the mentality of Madison and Hamilton made the Constitution—the weight of the character of Washington ballasted it. His name carried it. His statesmanship executed it in the first feeble years of the young republic.

BROAD IN HIS VIEWS.

We have been told many times, says a school boy in an oration, that Washington was not a genius, but a person of excellent common sense, of admirable judgment, of rare virtues. He belonged to that rare class of men who are broad enough to include all the facts of people's practical life, and deep enough to discern the spiritual laws which animate and govern those facts.

Cæsar was merciful, Scipio was a master of self, Hannibal was patient; but it was reserved for Washington to blend them all in one, and, like the lovely masterpiece of the artist to exhibit, in one glow of associated beauty, the pride of every model, and the perfection of every master. A conqueror, he was untainted with the crime of blood; a revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason, for aggression commenced the contest and his country called him to the command.

If he had paused there, history might have doubted what station to assign him; whether at the head of her citizens or her soldiers, her heroes or her patriots. But the last glorious act crowns his career and banishes all hesitation. Who, like Washington, after having emancipated a hemisphere, resigned its crown and preferred the retirement of domestic life to adoration of a land he might be almost said to have created.

Just honor to Washington can only be rendered by observing his precepts and imitating his example. He has built his own monument. We and those who come after us in successive generations are its appointed, its privileged guardians, the widespread republic is the future monument to Washington. Maintain its independence, defend its liberty. Let it stand before the world in all its original strength and beauty, securing peace, order, equality and freedom to all within its boundaries, and shedding light and hope and joy upon the pathway of human liberty throughout the world—and Washington needs no other monument. Other structures may fully testify our veneration for him; this, this alone can adequately illustrate his services to mankind.

Washington Set the Style.

Washington created a bit of astonishment among his friends at one time, when he appeared wearing a coat with pink conch-shell buttons sparkling on its dark velvet surface. But, following the lead of the President, conch-shell buttons became a fad.

DIOCESE OF MARYLAND.

Rev. O. J. WHELDIN, General Missionary,
605 Wilson Avenue, Roland Park, Baltimore, Md.

Baltimore—Grace Mission, Grace and St. Peter's Church, Park Ave., and Monument St.

SERVICES.

First Sunday, Holy Communion and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.

Second Sunday, Evening Prayer and Address, 3:15 P.M.

Third Sunday, Evening Prayer and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.

Fourth Sunday, Litany, or Ante-Communion and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.

Fifth Sunday, Ante-Communion and Catechism, 3:15 P.M.

Bible Class Meetings, every Sunday except the First, 4:30 P.M.

Guided and other Meetings, every Friday, except during July and August, 8 P.M.

Frederick—St. Paul's Mission, All Saints' Church, Second Sunday, 11 A.M.

Hagerstown—St. Thomas' Mission, St. John's Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.

Cumberland—St. Timothy's Mission, Emmanuel Church, Second Monday, 8 P.M.

Other Places by Appointments.

Some Things About Washington.

He was six feet two inches tall. He had brown hair, which became thin and gray.

He had very bad teeth, and in his later years wore adjustable false teeth.

His nephew and also his step-granddaughter, who lived for years with the Washingtons said he always was up before sunrise. He knelt in private prayer, both morning and evening.

He sat for hours without speaking aloud, but had a habit of moving his lips while thinking.

For some reasons which his family never knew, Washington stopped taking communion years before he died. Mrs. Washington invariably remained for that service.

Washington had smallpox when a boy while visiting the Barbadoes.

He had received an appointment to go in the navy when fourteen years of age but his mother objected, and so it was given up.

Washington had especial fondness for sorrel horses. He rode a fine one at the battle of Trenton.

All the States took official action upon the Farewell Address, and several States did the unusual thing of having it bound as part of their laws.

Washington is the only American whose birthday was publicly celebrated while he still lived, February 22d, was quite widely observed while he was president.

John Adams, when President, here in Philadelphia, refused to sanction celebration of Washington's birthday on the ground, as he afterward said, that it was a slight upon the highest official of the land to honor thus a private citizen.

A member of the general's family for twenty years said she never heard him once refer to anything, he had done in the Revolution.

Of his less than sixty-eight years of life, Washington himself said 45 years were spent in the public service.

He is the only man in history, who has given his own name to the capitol of a mighty nation.

Washington spent many more years of his life in Philadelphia than in any other town.

For a number of years during the Revolution, Congress endowed him with the power of a dictator, giving him the right to raise, employ and discharge an army at will. No other American has had such power.

Washington died at the beginning of the last hour of the day, of the last month of the year, of the last year of the century.—*Phila. Public Ledger.*

PROTESTANT-EPISCOPAL MISSIONS.

Diocese of Washington, and the States of Virginia and West Virginia. Rev. Henry J. Pulver, General Missionary, Caton Avenue, Alexandria, Va.

Washington, D. C.—St. John's Parish Hall, 16th and H Streets, N. W. Services every Sunday, 11:15 A.M. Holy Communion, First Sunday of each month.

Richmond, Va.—St. Andrew's Church, Laurel and Beverley Streets. Service Second Sunday, 8 P.M. Bible Class, other Sundays, 11 A.M.

Norfolk, Va.—St. Luke's Church, Grady and Bute Streets. Services, Second Sunday, 10:30 A.M.

Wheeling, W. Va.—St. Elizabeth's Silent Mission, St. Matthew's Church. Services every Sunday, at 3:30 P.M.

Services by Appointment.—Virginia: Lynchburg, Roanoke, Newport News, and Staunton, West Virginia: Parkersburg, Huntington, Charleston, Clarksburg, Fairmont and Romney.

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You are cordially invited and urged to attend. Tell and bring your friends.

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To Keep a True Lent

Is this a fast, to keep
The larder lean,
And clean
From fat of veals and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour,
Or rag'd to go,
Or show
A downcast look and sour?

No; 'tis a fast, to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat
And meat
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate,
And hate;
To circumscribe thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent;
To starve thy sin,
Not bin;
And that's to keep thy Lent.

—ROBERT HERRICK.

SLATER'S ADVANCEMENT.

"Everything all right, Graham?" As the foreman replied, "Yes, sir," John Clinton's keen dark eyes travelled around the room, as if he would answer the question for himself. His glance wandered from the long, rough benches, on which the men were trimming bacon and rolling hams, to the tables across the room where men and girls, in white aprons and caps, were skinning and boning steaming tongues with quick, deft fingers. He turned and faced the open doors of the drying room.

"There seems to be a lot of stuff in there, Graham," he remarked with a little frown.

"We're getting it out as fast as we can, sir," the foreman answered. "It isn't staying in the curing tanks an hour longer than is necessary. We're keeping things moving."

The manager nodded approvingly. "How's the new chap coming on?" he asked, with an inclination of his head towards a youth who stood with his back toward them, and who was loading trays with filled tins of tongue and carrying them over to the pressing tables.

"Slater, sir?" queried Graham. "He's a good worker. He's kind o' slow yet at handling tins, but he'll get over that. I'm thinking of trying him on the capping machine. Griffiths needs help now he's running the big retort, and I think Slater could do the work."

"He looks a bright fellow," Mr. Clinton said. "That's a good idea, Graham." The foreman, looking at him as he spoke, saw the expression of his face change. "Careful, Parr!" he shouted, but the warning came too late. Jack Parr, one of the tongue packers, had sent a filled tin flying along the smooth, greasy table with a quick, careless movement that threatened to send it over the edge. Slater, turning, caught the tin as it was falling, the open flanges cutting his fingers. Graham called the lad to come to him and have his hands dressed. The cuts were only slight, fortunately; yet deep enough to prevent Slater continuing his work.

"Don't try that again, my boy," Mr. Clinton said in a kindly reproving tone, as he returned to the foreman's side after reprimanding the packer. "If you see an open-flanged tin going to fall, let it go. I know what you intended to do," he added, as Slater ventured a word of explanation; "but the cost of half a dozen tins isn't worth what you will suffer, and you won't be able to work until the cuts heal. Your wages will be paid," he hastened to add, as a troubled look crossed the boy's face. "As soon as you can handle a brush we'll have you help Thompson stencil boxes and barrelheads for a while. It's too bad about Pearson's, isn't it?" he remarked to the foreman, going off at a tangent as the mention of stenciling brought back to his mind something which had occupied his thoughts most of the morning.

"What's that?" asked the foreman. "I haven't heard anything."

"It looks as if they will have to close down their plant. They have always given a camel's hair brush with each box of water colors, but they can't get the hair for the brushes now. Although they are

called camel's hair brushes they are mostly made from the fine hair of rabbits, or rather hares, which are raised in Belgium. If the artists cannot get the brushes, they can't use the water colors, and Will Pearson—he's my brother-in-law, you know—says they'll have to shut up shop. He has applied to the Board of Trade for help in the matter, because, naturally, they will do all they can to keep the plant going, but it looks as if nothing can be done. A few Belgian hares have been imported for breeding purposes, but it will be years before Pearson can get the quantity of hair, he needs."

"That surely is too bad," the foreman agreed sympathetically. "Excuse me, sir," Ralph Slater said, addressing the manager, "could they use any other hair than rabbits', if it were soft and fine?"

"I think so," Mr. Clinton answered, wondering at the question. "Have you a suggestion to make, Slater?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy. "The hair inside a cow's ear is just as soft as that in a camel's hair brush. Perhaps Mr. Pearson would be willing to give it a trial."

The manager shook his head doubtfully. "That doesn't seem possible," he said. "Camel's hair is pretty fine, you know. However, I'll pass your observation on to Mr. Pearson. Thank you for telling me. You can go now. Come down in the morning and Mr. Graham will change those bandages."

The youth turned away, looking much disappointed, but Mr. Clinton called him back before he reached the head of the stairs. "Just a minute, Slater," he said. "How did you find that out—about the hair in a cow's ear being fine, I mean?"

"I've made some brushes of it," the boy answered. "I have a couple of them in my overcoat pocket now. Can I show them to you sir?" he asked eagerly.

The manager nodded. "Ask one of the men to get them for you, Slater. You can't handle things with those hands. Seems to be a resourceful chap," he remarked to Graham; "but what does he want brushes for, I'd like to know."

"He's something of an artist," the foreman answered. "He makes sketches of the men in the dinner-hour. They're good, too. I'll show you some of his work if —"

"Half a minute, Graham!" interrupted Mr. Clinton. "Here comes our would-be artist now." The manager stroked first one brush and then the other across the palm of his hand, examining them closely, noticing their home-manufactured appearance, for the celluloid which held the bristles together was tightly bound with fine, strong cord. "I thought you said this was as fine as camels' hair," he said at last, smiling at Slater, who was regarding him anxiously.

"Isn't it, sir?" the boy asked. "No," laughed the manager delightedly, "it's ever so much finer and softer. Will you let me have those brushes to-night? I'd like to show them to Mr. Pearson. I'm afraid it will be hard to convince him of your discovery unless I have them with me. I'll see you get them in the morning. That's all, Slater. What were you going to say when I interrupted you, Graham?" he asked, as the youth turned away.

"I was going to show you some of his work," the foreman answered. "I have a few of his sketches in the lunch-room. Shall I bring them up here?"

"No, I'll go down with you," Mr. Clinton answered.

Frank Graham handed him a sheaf of papers and he sat down at one of the tables and looked them over. They were mostly rough pencil drawings, but they were sufficiently good to arouse the manager's enthusiasm. "Why, the lad's a genius!" he exclaimed, as he found a prettily colored moonlight scene sandwiched between two of the sketches. "Whatever he is doing working in a factory like this?"

"These are great! Don't say anything about having shown them to me, Graham, but tell him to wait and see me when he comes in the morning."

Ralph Slater had put in a miserable day and evening. He had not

liked his work at the factory, although he had been glad to obtain employment. Year after year from the time his talent for drawing had first attracted the attention of one of his school teachers, he had hoped the way would open up for him to do the work he loved. He had one consolation. He usually spent his evenings sketching and painting, feeling the joy that comes from creative work; but as he sat with idle bandaged hands he felt that it was no use hoping any longer. He went to bed early, spent the night in troubled sleep, and was at the factory at the usual hour the following morning.

"Mr. Clinton wants to see you," the foreman said, after he had changed the soiled bandages. "Your hands are healing nicely. We'll have you back at work very soon."

"Well, Slater," the manager said, as they sat in his office an hour later, "I showed Mr. Pearson your brushes and he agrees with me that they are finer than those he has been making. You did me a good turn as well as my brother-in-law, for he will purchase the hair from us. I'm going to have it clipped from the cows' ears down at the slaughterhouse, as soon as they are killed. Mr. Pearson asked me to give you this."

He handed the boy a cheque for one hundred dollars and continued: "It's an earnest of things to come. He is having your brush patented, and, of course, you'll share in the profits. Don't refuse it," he said sharply, as Ralph made a movement as if to give back the cheque.

"You're going to need it before you get through. It will pay for some lessons in painting for you. Graham showed me some of your work yesterday. I want you to draw a sketch for me as soon as your hands are better—something suitable for a poster advertisement. Two men camping out on the bank of a creek—one slicing a piece of Clinton's Breakfast Bacon—you know the kind of thing. I want a series of them. I'm going to put you with Marlowe, the advertising manager, when you come back. You had better talk your work over with him in the morning; we will date your new salary from tomorrow. We'll decide what it is to be later. I'm busy today." He rose as a sign that the interview was ended.

"Don't thank me," he protested, as the youth, his face flushed with pleasure, endeavored to express his gratitude. "You've gotten your chance through your own ingenuity and resourcefulness, and through trying to develop the talent that was given you." He laid his hand on the boy's shoulder. "Whatever of good the future holds for you, Slater," he said kindly, "you deserve it, for you certainly have made the most of your opportunities."

Ralph met Jack Parr as, turning up the street, he passed the upper warehouse gate. "How are your hands, lad?" he asked solicitously. "They're doing fine," the boy answered. "I'll be back at work in a day or two."

"I'm sorry it happened," the packer said contritely.

Slater laughed good-naturedly. "I'm not," he responded with a sincerity that amazed Parr. Then as a proof that he bore the man no ill-will, Slater told him of his good fortune. "If I hadn't been over at Graham's bench," he concluded, "I'd never have known about Pearson's factory needing hair for brushes. Take it all in all, Parr, it was a fortunate accident."

A few weeks later the manager, carrying a roll of paper in his hand, met Frank Graham in the door-way of the drying-room, the iron rail of which were hung to full capacity with sides of bacon and hams.

"There's a lot of stuff in here, sir," the foreman remarked with a little worried frown, unconsciously repeating Mr. Clinton's words to himself on the day of Slater's accident.

The manager laughed. "We'll need it," he said cheerily. "Peace won't make much change on our overseas business for a while, afterwards when conditions become something like normal—well just look here!" He unrolled the paper, revealing a brightly colored poster. "Doesn't that make you feel like packing a canoe and taking into the woods?" he demanded.

"Just look at those trees and that stream, and the fire and the bacon in the pan! Can't you smell it cooking, Graham? Can't you positively taste it? Doesn't it make you feel like having the bacon, anyway, even if you can't have the other thing? And this is only the beginning," he went on enthusiastically. "You ought to see the stuff he's working on now!"

"Then this is Slater's work?" the foreman asked.

"His first poster," Mr. Clinton replied. "I'm going to have it reproduced on a small scale in all the big magazines. Ralph Slater did a good thing for the firm, when he gave us that idea of making brushes from the hair inside a cow's ear, but I believe his going into Marlowe's office is going to prove a bigger thing for us. And Graham," he added earnestly, "there isn't a man in the place more pleased than Parr over Slater's advancement."—*Lilian D. Mitner in Pleasant Hour.*

Town Names.

As you motor over the beautiful Rip Van Winkle Trail today, the most ferocious wild inhabitant of the mountains you may encounter is a rabbit, a squirrel or an occasional deer. But the clouds still hang so low, the Indian name of On-ti-O-ras appears more appropriate than the Dutch Kaaterskill or Catskill, for On-ti-O-ras meant "mountains of the sky," and Catskill suggests what has vanished there—wild panthers and rushing streams.

Many of the names in the Catskill and the Hudson River vicinity are corruptions of their original names. Saugerties was derived from the Dutch word *zaeger*, meaning sawyer. One Peter Pietersen having erected a sawmill on the creek near where the town now stands, it came to be known as Zaeger's Creek, later corrupted to Saugerties. Rhinebeck, on the opposite side of the fuck, was first settled by Thomas Beckman, who came from the banks of the Rhine. The town was called from a combination of the name of its founder and that river.

The broad plateau on which Kingston stands was known to the Indians as At-kan-karten, or Smooth Land. White settlers called it Wiltwyck or Wild Indian Town. It was one of the earliest settlements in New York, having been first started by Dutch traders in 1614—six years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, Mass. It was destroyed many times by the Indians, who were especially hostile after Governor Stuyvesant sent eleven of them captive to Curacao to be sold as slaves.

Poughkeepsie is a simplification of a Mohican word Apo-keep-sinck, signifying "safe and pleasant harbor." On ancient maps and records the name is spelled in forty-two different ways. Croton was Kitch-awan, designating a swift and broad current. The Dutch gave it its present name in memory of an Indian Sachem who once lived near the mouth of the river.

Yonkers was derived from the Dutch word *Konkheers*—Young Master or Lord—the term by which the heirs of a Dutch family are known. It dates back to the early days of Peter Stuyvesant's rule, when it was part of the large estate belonging to Adriaen vander Donck, said to have been the first lawyer in New Netherlands. The Indians had called the neighborhood *Nap-pecha-mak*, "the rapid water settlement."

According to one account, the origin of Spyt-den-Duyvel or Spuyten Duyvil is as follows: The redoubtable Anthony van Corlear, Governor Stuyvesant's trumpeter, wishing to cross the creek in the course of a violent storm, could find no one who would venture to ferry him over. His errand being urgent—to rouse the people to arms because of an approaching enemy—he threw himself into the seething waters, saying as he did so that he would swim across "in spite of the devil" (*enspyt den duyvel*). Half way over he began struggling violently. Finally, with one last blast of his trumpet, he sank out of sight, leaving behind him only his expletive to be borne by the creek for all time.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 18, 1926.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 163d Street and Fort Washington Avenue), is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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Contributions, subscriptions and business letters, to be sent to the
DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York City.

"He's true to God who's true to man;
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves.
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notice concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged at the rate of ten cents a line.

FOLLOWING up the editorial of a couple of weeks ago, which gave addresses to JOURNAL readers, who contemplate foreign travel, we add a few more to the list.

Anyone intending to visit England, Scotland, and Ireland, can get information from the cover of the *British Deaf Times*, by writing to Mrs. J. Hepworth, 26 Victoria Park Road East, Canton, Cardiff, England. Enclose two pence (about five cents) for a copy of the paper. It has the addresses of deaf-mute missions, societies, etc., in all parts of England; Aberdeen, Ayrshire, Dundee, Edinburgh, Glasgow, etc., Scotland; Belfast, Dublin, and Cork, Ireland.

It does not, however, give the addresses of Institutions. To any one visiting Ireland, we would advise a visit to the Cabra Institution, on the outskirts of Dublin, which has so many excellent features in educational lines, and those in authority are very cordial and hospitable to all who may enter its beautiful domain.

For Italy, a visit to Alluzo Ambrosiani, 14 Vicola Serpenti, Vicino a Via National, Rome, Italy; or Francisco Micheloni, 16 Via Caylani, Rome, Italy; will enable the deaf traveler to get into touch with those who can give him necessary information.

Travelers in Germany should call or write to Mr. Gottweis, 45 Elizabeth Strasse, Berlin. His business address. He edits the leading newspaper for the deaf.

Of course, it is not necessary to consult the above mentioned people. But the deaf are of world nationality on account of their common deprivation, and are always willing to be of service to their brethren.

In the latest issue of the *Silent Worker*, Mr. Pach takes exception, in his usual courteous way and in honeyed language, to the movement to establish a club house for the deaf in a certain city not named. He is right when he says that the deaf do no seek or require charity in aid of such a project, but he fails to mention that the hard-of-hearing have girdled the land with club houses obtained through public sympathy.

A WRITER asks how to eliminate "head noises." The majority of adventitiously deaf are troubled more or less with "head noises," but usually ignore them. The only way to get relief is to consult a reputable physician.

Give Him the Best.

"Madam," said the doctor. "I shall have to paint your husband's throat with nitrate of silver."
"Please use nitrate of gold, doctor," exclaimed Mrs. Moneybags. "The expense is quite immaterial."
—*Wesleyan Argus*.

CHICAGO.

Come, bring the Good old bugle, boys,
We'll hold a JUBILEE!
The frats are twenty-five years old this year of grace, you see;
We're going to have a smoker and a gathering of glee
Here in Chicago-town!

Mine eyes have seen the start of it—"a bunch of foolish fools!"
"A visionary chimera," "dumb-mutes and stubborn mules!"
"A childish pipe-dream started by some kids just out of schools!"
But that was long ago.

Today we have a superb sum—three-quarter million bones;
Our one-time critics gaze with awe, and speak in softened tones,
The old-line firms survey our growth, emitting mournful moans—
"Gee whizz, five thousand nutes!"

And so our Silver Jubilee, our gathering in May,
Will carry more significance than just a time for play—
'Twill call to mind the storms and clouds of that far-distant day
When "F. S. D." was young

So come join our Jubilee, if frater or non-frat,
"Paddy" will fix the program up, and will not "pass the hat!"
The frats are twenty-five years old—just pause and ponder that!
Hail, frats! Come marching in!

The 25th birthday of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf—customarily shortened to "frats"—occurs this year, and will be suitably celebrated by Chicago "Division No. 1, with a "Silver Jubilee" lasting three days, May 29th, 30th, 31st.

Division No. 1 will also celebrate its own birthday with a banquet November 6th (one day early), both celebrations being under the auspices of the Silver Jubilee Committee, appointed by the Division.

Features for May now under consideration by the S. J. committee are: vaudeville, bus ride, picnic, smoker (free eats and drinks and— you know), ball, golf, chess tournament, bowling tournament (if enough other cities send teams), grand celebration exercises where the first fifty fraters sit on the platform, properly numbered, with the first grand officers presiding, etc., etc., etc.

When the program is officially complete, it will be duly announced through these columns.

The Silver Jubilee Committee consists of: John Anderson, Charles Bardeen, Gus Boltz, John Carlson, Frank Collignon, Harry Davidson, Elmer Disz, Herbert Gunner, Walter Hodgson, Harry Keesal, Ed Knobloch, Charles Krauel, Mark Knight, Peter Livishis, William Maiworm, J. Frederick Meagher, David Padden, Louis Ruskin, and Edward Stafford. Division President Charles Kemp and Secretary Ernest Craig are also members, *ex-officio*. Total 21. The committee elected its own officers, as follows: Chairman, David J. Padden, 3848 Hirsch Street; Vice-chairman, Elmer Disz, 12034 Eggleson Avenue; Secretary and Press, J. Frederick Meagher.

Padden was one of Chicago's most indefatigable youngsters back in the period when the now famous Silent Athletic Club was a struggling aggregation of street-gamblers, back-o'-the-yards thugs, gangsters, and riff-raff—with a spare sprinkling of the better element. A faithful follower of the scintillating Sullivan, Padden followed his chief up from obscurity to a position of trust and responsibility, serving several glorious terms as Division treasurer. Pleasant, persuasive, with a heart of gold and a child-like love of his fellow-men, Padden was one of the real powers in Division circles and Sac affairs. "His word is as good as his bond" truly applies to Padden, and I would not be a bit surprised to see him elected a Grand Trustee at Denver, as a fitting reward for meritorious service.

Elmer Disz was Grand Delegate from Fort Worth (or was it Dallas), Texas, at the Atlanta 1921 convention, coming to Chicago three years ago. He is an energetic live wire, always up on his toes and rarin' to go. A boyhood playmate of mine in Bellevue, Ky., this fire-eating Southerner makes a splendid team-mate for the gentle-mannered "Paddy." Disz bubbles over with ideas, and like "Paddy" has the guts to carry a difficult assignment to successful execution. The other committeemen are also mostly fine young prospects.

Don't think for a minute that this Silver Jubilee of May 20-30-31 is in any way designed to conflict with the N. A. D. Convention in Washington next August.

If you purse allows attendance at both events, by all means attend both. If not, then figure it out on a basis of your available funds.

Jesse Waterman resigned as president of the Pas-a-Pas Club, at its meeting February 6th. W. Heaghe now serves as president, and C. C. Codman as vice-president. Following Waterman's resignation, seven new members were accepted. The club moves May 1st to better quarters.

Joseph Stach, 33, died early the morning of February 3d, supposedly of hemorrhage of the brain. He had worked the day previous, and did not complain of feeling ill until evening. He was Supreme Financial Secretary of the Knights and Ladies of De l'Epee, and

Chicago correspondent to the *Catholic Deaf-Mute*, published in New York. Stach, an unusually fine young man, and one of the leading lights in Catholic circles, was liked and admired by everyone. He was married two years ago to a very pretty girl.

Ever smiling, rotund Mrs. Minne Rapp Sullivan, aged 72—"Gram'maw" as she was lovingly known by all circles in Deafdom—died on the 4th, after being ill, off and on, for a year. The funeral on the 9th packed All Angels' until standing room was at a premium—being by far the largest funeral of a deaf person ever seen in Chicago.

It is said a hundred floral pieces paid mute tribute to her popularity. The dead woman was one of the most liberal patrons All Angels' had. Rev. Flick departed from his customary practice and dwelt at length on her history. He related how her father had decided to send her, a child, to school in Europe, but embarked for the Milwaukee-Chicago trip on the ill-fated "Lady of Elgin," and was one of the several hundred drowned when that proud vessel went down off Waukegan, on Lake Michigan—the most famous and spectacular wreck in the history of the Great Lakes. Accordingly little Minne attended the Wisconsin State school in Delavan, graduating about 1881. Her husband, who died in 1914, was one of the first men to join the frats. She leaves a married daughter, three sons, and two grandchildren. Mrs. Gus Hyman interpreted the service. Pall bearers were Dr. Dougherty, Grimsie, Blair, Sprague Kaufmann and Loren Waterman. Interment at Forest Home Cemetery.

Edward Miner, who left Jackson-ville in 1884, fell down stairs at home July 25th, breaking a bone in his wrist and breaking his jaw. The jaw did not respond rightly to treatment during the three months it require to mend, and Miner now wears a beard to conceal the disfigurement.

William Hazlett, of Toronto, has been here three weeks working as photo engraver. He intends to return to his wife and children in Toronto shortly.

Caroline Hyman, 13, the deaf daughter of the Gus Hymans, is doing finely in a class of hearing children in Parker School. Caroline is an expert lip-reader, and bright for her age. Much of her education is credited to her mother.

Miss Geraldine Gibbons entertained two tables of "500," at a hotel near her home on the 4th, serving a fine luncheon. "Gerrie," considered the prettiest girl in Chicago Deafdom, has foregone her usual winter in Florida, on account of the congestion and high prices for everything.

The Rev. Henry Rutherford, assistant to Rev. Hasenstab, was given a gold eagle (\$20) by each of three pastors, in token of their appreciation of his years of service in their spiritual welfare, as follows: Rockford, Freeport in Illinois, and Beloit, Wis.

The deaf in the Illinois River Valley sent \$18.25 to the Illinois Home for Aged Deaf, through Rev. Hasenstab and Rev. Rutherford.

The *Evening American* of the 4th had picture of Bertha Aubrey, deaf-mute, and Mrs. Minnie Gresham, in St. Mary's Hospital, where both ladies were recovering after being overcome by smoke in the factory fire at 848 Noble Street.

Rolf Harmsen, the only deaf man to run 100 yards in 9½ seconds, is now studying at the local Mergenthaler linotype school. He was married last October to the president of the N. Dakota State Association Miss Ruby Grady, an expert lip-reader, who serves as head filing clerk in a large business office in Bismarck.

Emil Schlenker, who left Argo last June, after working there two years, is now plunking a linotype on the Bismarck, N. D., *Tribune*, and doing well.

Miss Mary McDonald, who holds a nice clerical position in the purchasing department of the O'Connor-Goldberg Shoes Company, recently attended a swell party given by the company to the 500 employees of its ten stores.

Harry C. Anderson, of Indianapolis, was reported seen in town February 6th to 8th.

Dates ahead: February 20th—Bunco and "500," Pas. Indoor lawn party, Sac. 27—Pas, "lit." "Kiddie party," at Sac, managed by Wondra. (Heavens, that's all the dates given me—has Lent made such ghastly gashes in Chicago's Merrydom?)

J. FREDERICK MEAGHER.

ST. ANN'S CHURCH FOR THE DEAF

511 West 148th Street
New York City

REV. JOHN H. KEAT, M.A., Vicar.
REV. GUILBERT C. BRADDOCK, Curate.
Holy Communion, first Sunday of the month,
10:30 A.M. and 3 P.M.
Services every Sunday, 10:30 A.M. and 3 P.M.

Second Sunday, 8 P.M.
Literary Readings. A cordial welcome to all.
Office Hours of the Vicar.
The Guild House.
Everyday except Monday and Saturday,
9 A.M. to 11:30 A.M.
Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday,
8 to 10 P.M.

PITTSBURGH.

The combined business and literary meeting of the local P. S. A. D. January 9th, the first of its kind the branch ever had, proved a success, ever if the literary program was necessarily short. The name of the wandering parson, Rev. F. C. Smilean, who although always a member of the Society, but never of any one branch, was added to the Pittsburgh branch's list pending his consent.

With business out of the way, John L. Friend, F. A. Leitner, and Peter Graves gave talks which were enjoyed by an appreciative audience.

George Seine, of Toronto, Ohio, was spotted at the above meeting. He was the guest of Walter Zelch.

Abraham Fishberg, coming from New York, has been employed in a printing shop here for seven months.

Close relatives of local deaf, all of whom passed away the first week of this month were: Mr. C. Naismith, step-father of George Blackhall; Hugh Sawhill, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Sawhill; and Mrs. James S. Smith, mother of Harold Smith.

Hugh was the youngest of the two Sawhill boys, the other having given his life in the World War.

The funeral party of Mrs. Smith was held up at Franklin for 48 hours, during which township supervisors and volunteer crews shoveled snow to open up a road and make possible the burial. To all the grieved relative of the departed sympathy is extended.

The Trinity Mission held a literary meeting at the Parish Friday evening, January 29th. The speakers were Messrs. Teitelbaum, Holiday, and Farke. As the Parish closes at ten o'clock the speech-making will have to start earlier than nine hereafter if a longer program is desired.

The wind of the speakers had to be pruned so much so as to allow the three to complete within an hour. One or two of them was still loaded up with talk when he took hints that enough of him was had. Laboring under such restrictions has a bad effect on the speaker, as he has a time thinking up what to say and what to leave out. Condensing is an art. A good thing for us to learn, so we can rise to the occasion whenever such demands are made of us.

Louis Schulte, of Washington, D. C., and Edward Harmon, of Jamestown, N. Y., showed up at one of the recent gatherings. Both report doing well in the printing trade, the former as a jobber in the government printing-office and the latter as a linotype operator with a big firm. They are still free lances, girls!

The Frats had a box-social January 23d, at their hall. Boxes of eatables, donated by the aux-frats and auctioned off by Messrs Teitelbaum and Graves, brought in a neat sum. After the contents of the boxes had been stored away by the fortunate (or unfortunate!) purchasers and their partners the Charleston held the centre of the stage. Two "bones" having been offered for the greatest number of fancy and original steps, more took a try at the stunt than would have otherwise. The prize was easily won by Miss Mary Wagel, who indeed, gave an exhibition that would compare favorably with the very best.

As generally is the case at frat affairs, there was a good-sized crowd. The frat society is growing and growing all the time. At each gathering there seems to be two or three more than there were the last. You hear them say, you can not keep a good man down. With equal truth it can be said of a good society.

Jack Scott, a deaf man hailing from Perluma, California, who lost his hearing when in the thirties, is a recent addition to this community. He came here first as an employee of the Oakdale Industrial Home for Boys, then as janitor of the Edgewood School, which position he still holds. As yet he is a little awkward in the sign language, but with a little more picking up it is believed he will be as one of us.

The writer, upon invitation of the Pennsylvania Club, made a trip to Akron, Ohio, January 30th, for a lecture in interest of the Ohio and Pennsylvania Homes for the Aged and Infirm Deaf. The lecture room of the big Goodyear Hall, which was built for the use exclusively of the employees of the huge rubber plant was filled to standing room. The crowd would have been even larger, were it not for the fact that many on the second shift at the plant had to keep their noses on the grindstone. Facts concerning the Pennsylvania Home, by which the Ohioans could well benefit, were told, and then the main subject of the lecture, "The Modern Woman," took on an hour's delivery. Fortunately for the speaker he had not given advance notice of the subject of the lecture or some of them gals might of brought along ripe tomatoes. Relief was felt when assurance was given that just the subject to interest the Akron crowd was selected. After the lecture William Pfunder and C. Baron cracked jokes, original and otherwise, which were enjoyed. The rest of the evening was spent socially and 500 indulged in by those so inclined. Refresh-

ments, consisting of chicken soup, sandwiches, cakes, etc., were served.

A donation of \$25 each to the Ohio and Pennsylvania Homes was agreed upon. No admission was charged, as it would have been contrary to the rules of the Goodyear Hall, so no money was realized on that occasion; but if interest in the worthy cause is kept up, it will have served a purpose.

The guest had the pleasure of renewing old friendships and making new ones. Judging by the number spotted, the Mt. Airy School seems to turn out more than her share of rubber men. The night was spent with the Wicklines and the visit ended Sunday evening with a dinner at Tom Hower's cozy home, after which the trip to the station was taken in Vern L. Butterbaugh's old reliable Ford.

Dr. and Mrs. G. A. Holliday are taking a pleasure trip in southern waters to be gone two months. The itinerary includes the Panama Canal. At San Francisco it will be goodbye to the boat, as there are three Holliday families living in the sun-kissed land. After visiting them they will return by rail.

Have you purchased your ticket for the Frat Banquet, to be held at the Fort Pitt Hotel February 20th? If not, do not lose any more time in getting it. Judging from the publicity given it and the fact Grand Secretary F. P. Gibson will grace the occasion with his presence, there is danger of an overflow. It was bad enough last year, but the chances are it will be worse this time, unless extraordinary precautions are taken.

At this writing, a letter is received from Mr. Jay C. Howard, of Duluth, Minn., who will be in this city March 10-11, enroute to Washington, D. C., where he is engaged for a lecture at Gallaudet College. It is expected arrangements will be made, whereby the Pittsburgh deaf will have such a treat from him March 10th.

Last time Rev. F. C. Smielau hit this burg he collected \$1,500 in pledges for the Torredale Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf. All these pledges were secured in fifteen minutes after services. Some record to shoot at!

FRANCIS M. HOLLIDAY.

Gallaudet College

The wave of gripe has subsided, nearly all the victims are back in harness. One new case of scarlet fever developed during the week. Glen Gallagher is the unlucky fellow. He joined Messrs. Butler and Brown in the quarantine ward. The three speckled beauties are getting on famously, for the disease is of a mild nature. To check further spread of scarlet fever, the college doctor gave the students who have not had the disease at some time the Dick test. Those who showed susceptibility are now receiving inoculations to render them immune.

The surest sign that we are on the road to bubbling health, is President Hall's notice on the bulletin boards to the effect that classes will be conducted as per schedule, after two weeks of a temporary arrangement. Chapel services will also be reinstated.

The Mid-Winter Dance, postponed from January 29 to February 12, was again moved ahead indefinitely. It may evolve into a Mid-Summer Hop.

The Preps chipped in and gave Mr. Butler a pretty bouquet of flowers on February 7th.

Miss Edyth Ozbun, of the Junior Class, received the sad news on Tuesday, February 9th, that her brother had passed away. She immediately packed up her belongings and with a hurried good-bye to her classmates took a Pullman that night for her home in Kansas. We extend our heartfelt sympathy to Miss Ozbun in her bereavement, and are sorry that she will not return to college.

Gallaudet's floormen took a short trip over to the American University on the evening of February 13th, and trounced their team to the tune of 51 to 13. It was Byouk's game from beginning to end. The powerful Colorado Freshman broke loose to score at will from the floor, making a total of 16 baskets. Gallaudet at last got her stride, and there wasn't a man bearing her colors who didn't out-play his opponent.

Some of the players arrived at the University rather peeved. Manager Krug lost his bearing, it seems, for it was only after a 2-mile walk into the suburbs of Northwest Washington that he and his followers managed to locate the institution. The walking was not of the ideal kind, for the fellows had to hoof it on the main roadway, in the slush with which the city at present is richly covered. The men gladly forgave the wandering manager, when the jog put them into excellent form for the contest.

The people of Washington and environs may well rejoice, for the Literary Society has had the good luck to secure Mr. J. C. Howard, of Duluth, to speak at a public meeting on the evening of March 12th. J. C. Howard is a household name in the United States and we know we have a real whale on the line this time. J. C. Howard is ex-president of the National Association of the Deaf, and also ex-president of the Gallaudet College Alumni As-

sociation. Just what he will speak on is not known, nor does it matter, for whatever this Minnesota logger says makes your sides ache. Remember the date.

Mrs. Corley, the nurse who attended the sick men in College Hall, quickly became popular with everyone. Her pleasant, neat appearance and cheerful words hurried the sick men on to health and put everyone else into good humor. Before she left the College, the men gave her a huge box of choice bonbons and chocolates as a slight token of regard.

DETROIT.

The deluge of letters mailed to the Probation Court, protesting against the decision on Pearlina Meyers, in putting him on probation for one year, was instrumental in persuading the learned judge to make it a 1 to 5 year sentence.

One over-zealous deaf man wrote that it would be a travesty upon justice to allow Meyers off so easy. He even added, the law abiding citizens might take the law in their own hands and cause no end of trouble. Pearlina Meyers is now the guest of Uncle Sam for a long year.

The D. A. D., January 30th, gave a memorial social. Albert Stahl and Tony Blake were behind it. It was held in honor of the late Supt. F. D. Clark, of the Michigan school for the Deaf. A big crowd turned out to do honor to the occasion and a large profit realized.

Ivan Heymansson, President of the M. A. D. is responsible for the rumor that Miss Florence Jones, for a decade supervisor of girls at the Flint School, has received a small fortune from the brother of a deaf lady friend.

January 23d, Miss Matilda Stark gave a delightful party at her sister's home to fifteen of her friends. Every one said they had a tip-top time. The main conversation was the Meyers conviction.

The Palace Model Laundry gave its annual ball to its employees. Some twenty deaf people are employed there.

Albert Zieke and Geo. Trine are putting in their spare time doing carpenter work at the D. A. D.

It sure was good news to the much friends to read in the Capital City's letter that Mrs. Brazelton, (nee Mary Prutzman), is still upon this mundane sphere. Fifteen years ago, it was rumored, she had joined the "Gone, but not forgotten" colony.

Mrs. Francis McMahon, a veteran laundry worker, has condescended to join the fast growing ranks of the JOURNAL subscribers.

Mr. W. Mainot, the man from Maine, and a Gallaudet graduate, is in the city, expecting to go to work in one of the Shoe factories here.

The Ladies' Guild held their business meeting, February 4th. A Valentine Social was given by them, February 5th. The usual large crowd attended.

Jimmy Robe, a former protege of Peter N. Hellers, is now a rising young boxing artist.

Mrs. Laura Walker was pushed off a crowded street car and injured seriously. The Detroit Street Railway is taking care of her.

Mrs. Pearl Gatton is now a resident of Lansing, Mich., near the Governor, whom she is trying to interest in granting a pardon for P. Meyers. President Heymansson and Secretary R. V. Jones will see that she doesn't succeed.

A "Smoker" is to be held soon, Peter N. Hellers is now trying to locate a suitable place. Details later.

A special business meeting was held at the D. A. D. Hall. This meeting ended satisfactorily to both the N. F. S. D. and A. A. D. members. The N. F. S. D. will be allowed to hold their meetings at the club any night except Saturdays. The socials given by the N. F. S. D. at the club-room came to a happy conclusion. A certain percentage of all profits made by the Detroit Division will be given to the club.

Albert Hodgkin, a young Canadian, has been working at the Briggs Manufacturing Co. for five months.

Ivan Heymansson went to Mt. Clemens February 7th, to visit Mr. and Mrs. Whitehead.

F. E. RYAN.

ST. JOSEPH'S INSTITUTE ALUMNI TO GIVE ENTERTAINMENT.

FATHER DE HEREDIA, S. J., TO SHOW HIS MYSTIFYING TRICKS—ALSO FIRST CLASS MOVIES.

On Sunday evening, February 21st, at St. Francis Xavier College Theatre, 40 West 16th, Manhattan, the Alumni Association of St. Joseph's Institute for the Deaf, will stage an entertainment. Proceeds go to the Jubilee and to celebrate the Golden Jubilee of the Institute, the only Catholic school for deaf boys in New York City.

A high class Broadway photoplay will be first on the program. All are advised to come early as there has been a big sale of tickets.

Next on the program will be the famous exposé of tricks of spiritualists, Rev. C. M. de Heredia, S. J., who will perform many baffling illusions. This act alone is worth

the price of admission. It is rumored that Father de Heredia, who possesses a book on the sign language of the deaf, may say a few words to the silent audience in their own lingo. But it must not be thought that only the deaf are expected to go. The committee is anxious to have a large attendance of hearing people so that the work and needs of their *Alma Mater* may be more generally known. Founded in 1876, it celebrates its Golden Jubilee in June. During all these years it has turned out thousands of graduates who today are holding responsible positions in many lines of business, notwithstanding their handicap.

Rev. Father Clark, S. J., rector, has donated the use of the College theatre as his contribution to the Jubilee. Father de Heredia is giving his services and Rev. John A. Ryan, S. J., in charge of the deaf of New York, is leaving no stone unturned in order to make the affair a big success.

David S. Rogers.

The holiday season was overshadowed and saddened by the serious illness and death of Mr. D. S. Rogers, was for thirty-seven years a valued member of our teaching corps.

His death occurred on the twenty-ninth of December, at his home on East Park Street, just across the Street from the School.

Since last March, when he had an attack of influenza, Mr. Rogers had been in failing health. In the summer he resigned from his position as a teacher in the school. It was hoped then that the freedom from the routine of school duties and cares would in a while restore him to his usual health and vigor, but this was not to be. Steadily his strength grew less, until finally he was confined to the house.

On the nineteenth of December he was persuaded to remain in bed a while.

Two days before Christmas it was seen by those nearest that a great change had set in and that the end was not far off.

He talked of his loved ones living at a distance and of those who had already crossed the Great Divide.

He was pleased when old friends and pupils came in to see him and had a kindly word and smile for all. To those who came to see him on the twenty-fourth he said, "Good bye," as one who was about to start on a long journey.

The older teachers and officers sent him a Christmas plant. This he much admired and calling his wife to him he dictated a few words of appreciation to his friends for the remembrance, ending with the words, "good-bye to you."

Shortly after he became too weak to talk. Gradually, as one tired after a long day's work, he fell asleep. How befitting the end to a long useful life.

He was ready and willing to go when the Master called. His work was done.

Briefly we shall give the history of the man whose death we have just told about, and who has helped so many of boys and girls to 'the light of understanding.'

He was born in Sumter County, South Carolina, on the second of December, in the year 1850.

His parents were good Christian people, who strove earnestly to bring their children up to be good, honest, God-fearing men and women.

When David was about three years old, the family moved to Spartsburg County, S. C. Here the children, all deaf, were educated in the State School.

David was ambitious and studious. He applied for admission to the college at Washington and so well had he fitted himself that he was readily granted admittance. He took the full course. He graduated in 1873 with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. That autumn found him teaching in the Iowa School for the Deaf, at Council Bluffs. This position he held until 1877, when fire destroyed the school building.

Going back to Cedar Springs, S. C., he engaged in farming for awhile. In 1879 he returned to Iowa to claim Miss Nettie M. Israel for his bride.

That same year he became a teacher in the South Carolina School. He served his alma mater in this capacity until the year 1888, when he was called to teach in the Kansas School. Here he taught, as previously stated, for thirty-seven years. He saw many changes in our school, and taught continuously until ill health forced him to retire at the close of the school year last summer.

What an example what an inspiration to those who have come in close contact with and known him! What a blessed memory his loved ones have!

After a short prayer service at the home, funeral services were held in the school chapel at half past two o'clock New Year's afternoon. Rev. Denton, of Kansas City, conducted the services. Interment was in the Olathe cemetery.

Besides his wife, who had been a never failing help and comfort to him, he leaves to mourn his loss two nieces and several nephews, all occupying positions of trust.—*Kansas Star*.

NEW YORK.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

LEAGUE OF ELECT SURDS

The League of Elect Surds celebrated its thirty-eighth anniversary on Thursday evening, February 11th, 1926, in a private room of the Club Chop House, 317 Lenox Avenue, Manhattan.

Incidentally, the officers of 1925 were all re-elected and installed. They are Bro. Arthur Lincoln Thomas, Grand Ruler; Bro. Alexander Lester Pach, Deputy Grand Ruler; Bro. Edwin Allan Hodgson, Grand Treasurer; Bro. Emanuel Souweine, Grand Secretary; Bro. Henry Coleman Kohlman, Grand Tiler; Bros. Thomas Francis Fox, Anthony Capelle and Max Miller, Grand Councilors; Bro. Simon Kahn, Grand Alternate.

After the meeting, among other business transacted, was the contribution of ten dollars to the "E. M. G." Memorial.

Bro. Charles C. McMann, who now lives in Los Angeles, who has served for three years as Grand Ruler, sent a telegram of greetings.

M E N U

Fruit Cocktail Olives
Celery
Consomme Noodle or Pea Soup
Baked Blue Fish Creole Sauce
Roast Chicken Fresh Vegetables
Combination Salad
Ice Cream and Cake Coffee or Tea

DEAF-MUTES' UNION LEAGUE

At the regular monthly meeting of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, held on Thursday evening, February 11th, 1926, the usual large attendance was present.

The report of the treasurer, although the 40th Anniversary Celebration last month cost a heap, showed a healthy balance, and the various purchases recommended by the Board of Governors were unanimously passed, also the contribution of twenty-five dollars to the "E. M. G." Memorial.

The committee having charge of the Basket Ball and Dance, which will be held this Saturday evening, February 20th, reported progress, and from all indications a big house is expected, as the Fanwood School team meets the Lexington Avenue School for the Inter-City championship, and besides there will be staged another basket ball game by the two strongest teams in the city, namely, the Manhattan Frats and the Deaf-Mutes' Union League. Games start at 8:15, so all are urged to come early.

Deaf-mutes' from out-of-town desiring to visit little old New York, and at the same time take in the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, the St. Joseph's Alumni Association and the Newark Frats Masquerade Ball, have the chance of a lifetime, as these affairs follow each other. The Deaf-Mutes' League on the 20th, the St. Joseph's Alumni Association on the 21st and the Newark Frats on Washington's Birthday.

ANNUAL DINNER

Metropolitan Branch of the Gallaudet College Alumni Association held its annual memorial dinner in honor of Dr. Edward Miner Gallaudet at the Hotel Theresa, Saturday evening, February 6th.

The attendance was better than on previous occasions, thirty-six being present, all Alumni of the College.

Those present were: Dr. and Mrs. Fox, Prof. and Mrs. Jones, Rev. and Mrs. Kent, Mr. and Mrs. Culmer Barnes, Mr. and Mrs. Elstad; Mesdames Temple, Peters, and Kaminisky; Misses Boatwright, Stern, Ballance, Lewis, Fish, Maxwell, Tuck, Moss, Teegarden, Koblenz, Helen Jones, and Jennie Jones; Messrs. May, Baldwin, Hodgson, Carpenter, McInturff, Kirby, Dobins, Werdig, Damron, and the Rev. Messrs. Light and Braddock.

Mr. and Mrs. Beadell were expected, but unfortunately did not arrive, being no doubt deterred by the snow-storm from crossing the river.

Miss Maye Lovell, of the Consolidated Gas Company, has commenced her second course of twelve lessons at the Gas office, 212 East 57th Street, near 7th Avenue, and extends to all the deaf of New York City's five boroughs a most cordial invitation to attend her class, which starts at 7:30 every Wednesday night. Miss Lovell's instructions are repeated by the well known and popular Miss M. J. Purcell, whom all acknowledge to be without an equal in the use of the sign language. This class is not a permanent one, and Miss Lovell has her orders to discontinue it, because of the extra expense, if more do not come; therefore it is her earnest wish that every deaf man and woman in New York,

OHIO.

News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

February 6, 1926—The Columbus Branch of the Gallaudet College Alumni Association honored the memory of the founder of the College, Dr. Edward Miner Gallaudet, with a banquet at the Neil House last evening. The occasion was his eighty-ninth birthday anniversary. The affair was given in one of the banquet halls of the hotel. All the members of the Branch, excepting two, were present besides several friends, making a total of twenty-eight, who sat down to a table forming the G.

The walls of the room just happened to form one of the tints of the college colors, buff and blue, being supplied by pennants, one above the picture of Dr. Gallaudet. A vase of jonquils at the head of the letter G marked the honored guest's place. The place cards and program contained a likeness of him. After all had found their places at the table, Rev. C. W. Charles offered the blessing and then this menu was partaken of.

M E N U

Fruit Cocktail Olives
Celery
Roast Chicken
Peas Francaise Pommes Risscolee
Manhattan Salad
Ice Cream Cake Coffee

The cooking was relished, the serving fine, and every one did justice to the viands. After the table was cleared came the toasts with this program carried out:

TOASTS

Toastmaster, Mr. R. P. McGregor, '72
Poem—Miss Katherine Toskey, ex-'27.
Dr. Edward M. Gallaudet the Man—Mrs. E. A. Zell.
The Result of Dr. Gallaudet's Work—Mr. W. H. Zorn, '90.
How the Deaf May Show Their Gratitude to Dr. Gallaudet—Mr. John C. Winemiller, '04.
Poem—"To Dr. E. M. Gallaudet"—Miss M. E. Zell, '02.

The officers are: Miss Bessie MacGregor, '02, President; Mrs. Ida O. Zorn, ex-'02, Vice-President; John C. Winemiller, '04, Secretary-Treasurer.

The Committee on Banquet were: Miss C. G. Lamson, '00, C. W. Charles, '89, and Herbert Volp, ex-'18.

The toastmaster, Mr. MacGregor spoke feelingly of the man we had assembled to honor, and then introduced Miss Katherine Toskey, who gracefully rendered these lines:

"Oh, Gallaudet! Dear Gallaudet!
In memory we see you yet,
Your ivied spire, your campus green,
Float mistily through many a dream.
"Oh, Gallaudet! Our Gallaudet!
It may be long since we last met;
Still, in our hearts we deck your drive,
Where lang syne days and joy entwined.
"Oh, Gallaudet! Fond Gallaudet!
Years glide away, but still we let
Your mystic tie between us be,
To draw us all back by and bye."

Mrs. E. A. Zell, on her theme Dr. Edward Miner Gallaudet—the man, spoke as follows, Mrs. M. Greener Thomas interpreting it in the sign language.

As Bobby Burns said:
"A man's a man for a that and a' that."

What a great difference there is between a man and the man. I am glad to have the opportunity of paying tribute to one, whom we consider the man. He was distinctly the man in many ways. He, whose character we so much admire, was certainly the man of his time and for all time in the deaf-mute world, among those for whom he taught, planned labored and lived—the beloved deaf.

Why is it he inspired so much of respect and love (for we must respect before we can love) from all with whom he came in contact? I can explain it only in that he was possessed of so many sterling traits of character. It is needless for me to dwell on each of them. I have but to mention a few which you, who knew him better than I, will recognize:—An indomitable will, which carried him to any height; to the overcoming of any obstacle.

Sincerity—a quality which can be felt in anyone. Strong convictions, and faith to carry them out. Faith in himself, his fellow men, and above all, faith in God.

Persistence, a dogged persistence in anything he undertook, as shown in his wonderful success in getting from Congress what he desired to further the cause and interests of his beloved college.

Directness and Clearness, as shown in his use of the manual alphabet and the beautiful sign language when clearly used. Indeed it was a joy to watch him deliver a talk or lecture; never was anything more impressive.

Sturdiness of Character, which he inherited from his parents, which was broadened and deepened by their wise training in right thinking and upright living, and which made him

an ideal teacher of growing boys and girls—a shining example for them all. He fully realized the importance of his position and conducted himself accordingly—wise teacher, lucky students.

He inspired their love by his very manliness. In his decisions he was just and unbiased and always sympathetic.

I am told he had wonderful patience, and always great consideration for others, in which he showed his greatness.

Dr. Gallaudet in every way stressed the cultured side of life, a thing too often neglected by brainy men.

He was possessed of great pride in his personal appearance (a very great factor in a teacher), in his family and in his friends, the deaf in their accomplishments and achievements.

To me the most outstanding characteristics of this man, whom we all so admired, was his never failing dignity of bearing. It was not a dignity that repelled one, but that inspired sincere respect and love and urged one on to do his best.

To my knowledge, he was never familiar with those under his teaching, nor with those with whom he had any dealings, and it was that dignity of behavior and sincerity of purpose that gave him so much influence among men of character and ability.

He was constantly on the alert to speak a word for his pet ideal—the higher education of the deaf.

I need not mention the lessons to be learned from his life and character. You can take them to yourselves.

I have often felt that if twenty people, or even ten, had been made better; if life had been made worth while; if living conditions had been made easier for them, because you and I had lived; we had not lived in vain. But here is a man, whose memory we revere, who made life and all that life is worth, more precious for hundreds of people, and whose good works shall follow him for years and years, yea into all eternity. Surely he had not lived in vain. What a blessed heritage to all these hundreds.

Mr. Zorn narrated a number of incidents pertinent to his subject, and claimed the toastmaster had appropriated most what he had intended to say in his opening address.

Mr. Winemiller, after mentioning several causes for showing gratitude to Dr. Gallaudet and why he should be honored, emphasized that in no better way could this be done than by erecting a memorial as is proposed at the College, and he hoped that the fund now being raised for the purpose would be heartily subscribed to by all the deaf of the land.

Miss W. E. Zell, then came forward in clear thrilling pantomime rendered these verses:

GALLAUDET!
To thee our hymns of praise are sung,
Thy name still makes our bosoms swell;
Though on thy brow no wreath is hung,
Our love no mortal pen may tell.
We silent were, you gave us speech;
We stood in gloom, you gave us light;
We stood apart, you closed the breach,
And gave us all we have tonight;
No thought of self held back your hand,
No hope of gain obscured your view;
We hope sometime to understand,
How much we'll always owe to you.

This closed the program. Superintendent Jones was called upon for some remarks. He lauded Dr. Gallaudet, his work and the benefits the college gave its students. He was willing to promote its usefulness and do what he could to further its advantages to the deaf. He would like to see more students sent there.

All the resident members on the roll attended the banquet except Dr. Patterson, who was engaged to speak at Flint, Michigan.

The Roll—Dr. Robert Paterson, '70, Robert P. MacGregor, '72, Augustus B. Greener, ex-'77, Clarence W. Charles, '89, William H. Zorn, '90, M. Greener Thomas, Normal, '91, Albert W. Ohlemacher, '99, Cloa G. Lamson, '00, John W. Jones, Honorary, '02, Bessie MacGregor, '02, M. Ethelburga Zell, '02, Ida Ohlemacher Zorn, ex-'02, John C. Winemiller, '04, E. Fisch Winemiller, ex-'05, Bessie McFadden Cook, ex-'09, Joseph Arnold, ex-'10, Herbert Volp, ex-'18, Louis LaFontaine, '23, Dorothy Durant, ex-'24, Katherine Toskey, ex-'24, Philip Holdren, ex-'29.

The place cards bore a likeness of Dr. Gallaudet, President of the Branch, Miss Bessie MacGregor, after closure of the exercises called for a business meeting.

A letter was read from Mr. J. C. Howard, who goes an eastern visit next month, proposing to stop over here on the way. Miss Ethel Zell, Messrs. Ohlemacher and LaFontaine, were appointed a committee to look after his entertainment while in Columbus.

Superintendent Jones suggested a basket picnic be held on the grounds of the School in July, and in that way money could be raised for Ohio's quota for the Gallaudet Memorial Fund.

PACIFIC NORTHWEST SERVICES.

REV. OLOF HANSON, Missionary.
Seattle—First and third Sunday each month.
Vancouver and Portland—February 28th.
Tacoma—March 14th.

The Capital City.

Mrs. P. R. Vernier entertained at a benefit card party in compliment to her mother on Wednesday evening, February 10th. The gross proceeds of \$16 was donated to the Local N. A. D. Convention Fund. Prizes were awarded to the following: Mrs. W. Marshall, "Jimmy" Davidson, Mrs. Ferd Harrison, Mrs. S. Alley, C. C. Quinley and Wm. Boswell.

The "Lit" will meet at the Masonic Temple, February 17th. Hunter Edington will give a lecture on "Why I get married," and a laughable conversation between Mr. and Mrs. Simon Alley will be given. Remember the date and attend it, or you will miss the best ever program. After which the N. A. D. Branch will meet with Chairman Marshall. Bring your ten dollars for your life membership to the N. A. D. Roy Stewart is the Treasurer.

Wednesday, February 10th, officially recorded as the heaviest snow fall for this city in four years—cost the District thousands of dollars in expense and damage. The dead and injured were numerous. Dorothy Marlowe, nine year old pupil at Kendall Green, was walking between the buildings at the Gallaudet College Wednesday, February 10th, when she slipped on a piece of ice and fell. A head injured, according to physicians, caused convulsions, which resulted in the child's death while en route to Casualty Hospital. Funeral services at her father's home at 8th Street, N. W., Saturday morning, and interment in Glenwood Cemetery.

A surprise birthday party was tendered "Jimmy" Davidson by the young set, at the residence of Mrs. Wm. Boswell, Saturday evening, February 6th. He was remembered with useful gifts.

The heavy snow, and the excitement of the day caused the writer to forget that day was her natal day, until a messenger handed her a telegram from Detroit:—

"Accept hearty good wishes for a happy birthday from the Guild sisters.
"Mrs. G. E. M. NELSON, President."

Then came birthday cards and valentines. I want to thank them one and all for their thoughtful remembrances.

A friend sent an item of a deaf woman of Brantford, Ont., who suddenly became insane, threw her three months-old baby boy into the furnace February 4th. According to the doctor, the deaf woman had been worrying over the child, although it was normal in every respect. The doctor believed this preyed on her mind, prompting her to commit the deed. Probably the Canadian correspondent will tell more about it.

Gerald Ferguson is frequently seen driving his new Ford, with his wife. Gerald is a 1919 graduate of the Gallaudet College.

Mrs. J. A. Moynihan, of Waterloo, Ont., has been dreaming of coming to Washington to attend the N. A. D. Convention in August. But now she doubts if they will get here on account Mr. J. A. Moynihan's unfortunate accident last Christmas, injuring to his leg and necessitating crutches.

Mrs. Moynihan (Lucile Bennett) was graduated from the Kendall School in 1900. In 1906 she married John A. Moynihan, from the old Le Centrex School at Buffalo. Among his schoolmates was E. E. Hannan, of Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Moynihan's brother, who is a specialist of ear, nose and throat, is still in Washington, D. C. Mrs. Moynihan lost her hearing slowly while living in Georgetown, D. C. after a severe attack of scarlet fever, which also affected her sight.

She remembers Josephine Titus, now Mrs. James Stewart, of Flint, Michigan.

The new emblem of the National Association of the Deaf is admired. It possesses the colors of the Organization. The background is a royal blue with gold lettering.

The home address of the A. D. Bryants is the only one that the deaf of the nation remember, for when they want to get in touch with any of their friends, they do so via the Bryant home.

Twenty-months old Bobbie Vernier, the writer's grandson, can talk deaf language. At least he makes known his wants through the sign language.

Mrs. Harley D. Drake will give a "500" card party in the near future, the proceeds go to the O. W. L. fund.

At the Auto Show the other day the visitors admired the salesman's odd necktie. He said he got it from a deaf man that runs a necktie shop in New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. D. I. Whitehead, of Mt. Clemens, Mich., are happy grandparents of a little brown-eyed grandson, eight months old, the only children of their married daughter.

Dan has a good job in Detroit. Wm. Cornish, who is residing with them, met with an accident at his work at the factory last week. One of his fingers was broke and it was necessary to amputate. They had a

pleasant visit from Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Heymansson, Sunday, February 7th.

MRS. C. C. COLBY
515 Ingraham, W. W.

FANWOOD.

Last Thursday, February 11th, a Demonstration of gymnastics, dancing, tactics and games, was given by the Girls' morning and afternoon classes of the gymnasium, in the girls' sitting room. It was directed by Mrs. Mayme H. Voorhees, Girls' Physical Training Director. Mlle. Lucile Gillet and Miss Buddy Watson, a daughter of one of our teachers gave the audience an interesting dance. Following is the program:—

- (a) Formal Class Work.
(b) Morris Dance, "Black Nag."
Tuesday 10:30 Class.
- Dance, Egyptienne.
Mlle. Lucile Gillet.
- (a) Tactics.
(b) Floor Exercises.
Thursday, 9 o'clock Class.
- "The Dance of the Sun."
Chopin Valse Brillante.
Buddy Watson.
- (a) Dumb-Bell Drill.
(b) Crab and Turtle Race.
Thursday 10:30 Class.
- Games—
1. Bird Game.
2. Indian Club Walk.
3. Hopping Contest.
- (a) Morris Dance, "Sweet Kate."
(b) Wand Drill.
Tuesday 2:45 Class.
- Valse, Romantique.
Mlle. Gillet.
- Social Dancing for all.
MISS FEDER, Accompanist.

When the show was over, the pupils were enjoyed a social with dancing. Principal Gardner, teachers, visitors and pupils, made up the spectators.

Miss Gladys Dennis, a Fanwood graduate of last June, paid a brief visit in the room of her former classmates, on Monday, the 8th inst.

The grounds of the New York Institution for the Deaf are covered with the bed of snow, but the Fanwood runners did not get stung, as they practiced by jogging in the boys' sitting room.

Messrs. Mosier, Shafranek, Ash, Nixon, all Fanwood graduates, visited here February 6th. They witnessed the basket ball game between our Fanwood team and the Stony Brook team, which was staged in the gymnasium. Mr. Edward Carr, a graduate of Mt. Airy School for the Deaf, was also a basket-ball fan that day.

Cadet First Sergeant Carroll was detained at home last Saturday, on account of the death of his grandmother. He returned here on Wednesday, the 10th inst.

A card from Cadet Grossman, a former pupil at the Fanwood School, whose family moved to Rhode Island last week, announces his safe arrival.

Cadet Horn was called home last Sunday, because his his grandmother was taken ill. She is ninety-one years.

Cadet Atkinson, a member of High Class, went to St. Luke's Hospital, to have an X-ray on the left side of his body, on Tuesday, the 9th of February. He is confined to bed by the doctor's orders, with a slight attack of pleurisy.

The basket ball game between the Barrager Bloomers and the Leake and Watts Lassies was postponed to February 17th, on account of the very bad weather, last Wednesday, the 10th of February.

The Stony Brook High School team, of Long Island, N. Y., scored a 28 to 17 victory over our Fanwood team, at our gymnasium, last Saturday, February 6th.

We took an early 8 to 5 lead in the first period, and completely baffled their attack in the same period; but we were unable to penetrate the Long Island's five-man defence at the later period of the game.

Kerwin, Fanwood's crack forward, was the individual high scorer of the afternoon game, with six baskets from the field and one foul goal, totalling 13 points.

The line up:

	G.	F.	P.
Stony Brook			
Durham, r.f.	4	2	10
Sillabe, l.f.	1	2	4
Steenland, c.	4	1	9
Williams, r.g.	0	0	0
Brohard, l.g.	4	0	4
Taylor, l.g.	0	1	1
Total	11	6	28
	G.	F.	P.
Fanwood			
Kerwin, r.f.	6	1	13
Cerniglio, l.f.	2	0	4
Kahn, c.	0	0	6
Kostyk, r.g.	0	0	0
Heintz, l.g.	0	0	0
Byarsky, l.g.	0	0	0
Blend, l.g.	0	0	0
Total	8	1	17

Referee—Mr. Goldsmith of Savage. Timekeeper—Retzker of N. Y. I. D. Scorer—Farber of N. Y. I. D. and Fraser of Stony Brook.

PHILADELPHIA.

News items for this column should be sent to James Reider, 1538 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Despite the cold weather on Thursday evening, February 11th, a representative gathering of Philadelphia deaf greeted Mr. Elbert A. Conner, the new superintendent of the Mt. Airy Institution, on the occasion of his first visit to the Clerc Literary Association in All Souls' Hall, on Sixteenth Street above Allegheny Avenue. Mr. Gruver had been invited to lecture before the Association, and had chosen for his subject: "Some Impressions in the Lives and Education of the Deaf." And except for a sign made now, and then by way of emphasis, he delivered his whole talk by finger-spelling. He seemed particularly happy to return to the scene of the beginning of his career with the deaf, and to renew old acquaintances. The first deaf-mute he had met here was Miss Elizabeth Loughridge, (who later became Mrs. Ira Poorman), and he inquired if she was present. When told she died a few years ago, he expressed regret. There was no opening for him as teacher, when he first came to the Institution, so he accepted a supervisorship temporarily; he left the Mt. Airy School later as a teacher, and now has returned as its superintendent. At the conclusion of his talk, he was, on the motion of Rev. Smaltz, tendered a rising vote of thanks for it. Afterwards those present were given an opportunity to meet Mr. Gruver, and he was shown through All Souls' Parish House and the Church.

Lent begins on February 17th. There will be a service at All Souls' Wednesday evening, and after that every week on Thursday evening. Everybody will be welcome to these services.

The Philadelphia Local Branch, P. S. A. D., will hold its monthly meeting on the twentieth at All Souls' Hall. An interesting meeting is promised.

Mrs. Syle, assisted by Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Wilson, gave a surprise birthday party to Mrs. Mary Sinclair at her (Mrs. Syle's) home on the 9th of February. Mrs. Sinclair was remembered with presents by her friends and enjoyed the occasion greatly. A nice supper was served later in the evening. Those who attended the party besides the hostesses were Mrs. C. Scott, Mrs. E. Rival, Mrs. A. E. Green, Miss G. M. Downey, Mr. and Mrs. A. Verkes, Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Large, and Messrs. A. Dougherty, Dochner, and Wm. C. Shepherd.

Information has been received which is to the effect that the Beth Israel Association for the Deaf has decided to return to Beth Israel Temple, 32d and Montgomery Avenue, to hold its weekly meetings. No reason was given for making the change.

Philadelphia had a real snow-storm last Wednesday. The fall was ten inches, the biggest we have had this winter. At that, it was small compared to some falls we had when in our teens.

Mr. and Mrs. John P. Walker are now comfortably settled in an apartment house flat in Trenton, N. J. On April 5th next, Mr. Walker will round out his seventy-fifth year. One time we asked him why he don't buy an automobile to enjoy his later days, and he replied that his legs seemed too good to him to be idle. He meant that he believed in walking as an exercise.

After the inmates at the Torresdale Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf have passed their first Summer there, we believe they will like it better than ever.

Rev. and Mrs. Herbert C. Merrill stopped in the city for a brief time on the way home from Washington, D. C., recently, but did not have time to make calls on their friends.

Oh, Don't Mention It!

Mrs. Smith (after ten minutes' conversation). "Well, Mrs. Brown, I must be getting along to the plumber. My husband's home with his thumb on a burst pipe, waiting till he comes."—Good Hardware.

Harry Berwin, who loved 500 as well as his right eye, recently stayed so late at a friend's home playing the game, that he came home in the wee small hours after a hard day's work. The morning sun did not wake him for his daily toil. A neighbor, alarmed at no sign of life in his home, hammered at the door and woke him to the realization that he was several hours late to work. What the boss said is a dark secret.

PITTSBURGH REFORMED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Eighth St., between Penn Avenue and Duquesne Way.
Rev. T. H. Acheson, Pastor.
Mr. DAN BAKER, Interpreter for the Deaf.
Sabbath School—10 A.M.
Prayer—11 A.M.
Sermon meeting on first Wednesday evening of each month at 7:45 P.M.
Everybody Welcome.

UNIQUE GROVE IS DEDICATED IN CALIFORNIA

Last survivors of a strange species of trees found in only one other spot in the world and nowhere outside of California, the famous Torrey pines, twenty-two miles north of San Diego on the bluffs overlooking the Pacific, have been dedicated as the State's birthday trees. These dwarfish trees, which have successfully combatted the elements through the ages, were discovered in 1850, the year California was admitted to the Union.

Ceremonies were recently held amid these trees, at which their history was recalled and the ground which nurtured them was set apart as public property. A plea made in 1883 by Dr. C. C. Parry, discoverer of the trees, that "this spot of ground be dedicated forever to the cause of scientific instruction and recreation, where wiser generations than ours may sit beneath its ample shade and thank us for sparing these trees," was thus at last answered by the City of San Diego.

Dr. Parry at the time he discovered them was a botanist on the Mexican Boundary Commission. In San Diego he heard of the strange trees on the hills at the mouth of Soledad

Canyon. He visited the spot, realized that the pines were unlike any known to botanists at that time, and christened them the Torrey pines, in honor of John Torrey, the famous American botanist and chemist, who had been his teacher. As far as is known, Dr. Torrey never saw the trees.

Until 1888 it was thought that the Torrey pines existed in no other spot, but in that year a small grove of them was found on the eastern shores of Santa Rosa Island, off the California coast. When transplanted to more fertile soil and cultivated, the Torrey pines grow straight and tall, resembling not at all the twisted and dwarfed parent trees near San Diego. In Australia transplanted trees have been known to reach a height of one hundred feet.

The Torrey pines are visited by thousands of tourists annually, as the coast highway connecting Los Angeles and San Diego passes through the grove. They are clustered on the summit of a promontory commanding a wide view of the Pacific.

Baptist Evangelist to the Deaf. Will answer all calls.

J. W. MICHAELS,
704 Park Street, Boulevard, N.
Fort Worth, Texas.

A CORDIAL WELCOME TO ALL

FROM THE

St. Joseph's Institute Alumni Association

MOTION PICTURES

(A REAL FIRST-CLASS BROADWAY RELEASE)

AND

Wonderful Feats of Magic, by the famous Author and Lecturer on Spiritism Rev. C. M. Heredia, S.J.

Sunday Evening, February 21, 1926

AT THE

St. Francis Xavier College Theatre

40 West 16th Street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues
NEW YORK CITY

Doors open at 7:30 P.M.

Come early

Admission, 75 Cents; Reserved Seats, \$1.00

JOHN J. STIGLIABOTTI Chairman

JOHN D. SHEA

MATTHEW A. HIGGINS

JOSEPH L. CALL

PAUL J. DI ANNO

THOMAS J. GILLEN

THOMAS J. TRACY

\$100.00—Cash Prizes for Best Costumes—\$100.00

BAL MASQUE and REVUE

OF THE

Jersey City Division, Number 91

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

TO BE HELD AT

ODD FELLOWS' HALL

BERGEN SQUARE, JERSEY CITY

ON

Saturday Evening, February 27, 1926

MUSIC PAR EXCELLENCE

TICKETS, - (Including Wardrobe) - \$1.00

HENRY W. HESTER, Chairman.

DIRECTIONS TO HALL—From New York and Newark, take Hudson and Manhattan Tube to Journal Square Station, Jersey City, and walk two blocks along Bergen Avenue to hall.

KEEP THIS DATE IN MIND!

SPACE RERERVED FOR

Michigan Association of the Deaf

(Detroit Chapter)

PRIZE MASQUE BALL

On Saturday, November 13th, 1926

[ANNOUNCEMENT LATER]

DELIGHTFUL CONTESTS FOR PRIZES

FIRST ANNUAL

Twin Costume and Dance

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

HOUSTON ATHLETIC CLUB

AT THE

MAENNERCHOR HALL

203--207 East 56th Street, near Third Avenue

NEW YORK CITY

Saturday Evening, March 27, 1926

ADMISSION, (including war tax) 55 CENTS

MUSIC

LESTER L. CAHILL, Chairman.

How to Reach Hall—Take any train (Second and Third Avenue Elevated trains, Lexington Avenue Subway), and (B. M. T. for Queens to Lexington Avenue Station) to 59th Street Station, and walk back to 56th Street. The Hall is near the corner of Third Avenue.

CASH PRIZES

FOR BEST DANCING CONTESTS
COMICAL, ARTISTIC COSTUMES

32d ANNUAL

Bal Masque and Dance Contest

OF THE

New Jersey Deaf-Mutes' Society, Inc.

AT

SCHARY MANOR

104 CLINTON AVE.

NEWARK, N. J.

ON

Saturday, April 10th, 1926

AT SEVEN-THIRTY O'CLOCK

TICKETS, - - - ONE DOLLAR

HOW TO REACH THE HALL—Take the Park Place train at the Hudson Tube Terminal, New York City, and get off at the last stop. Take the bus marked "Clinton Avenue," or "Lyon's Avenue," or for the trolley car marked "Broad," "Kearny," "Harrison," or "Mt. Prospect." Get off at Thomas Street.

A GET TOGETHER SPRING NIGHT

A SILVER CUP

will be awarded to the Club, Lodge, or any other organization most represented at this Dance

ANNUAL

SPRING DANCE

TENDERED BY

BRONX DIVISION, No. 92

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

TO BE HELD AT

San Salvador (K. of C.) Hall

N. E. COR. 121ST STREET AND MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY

Saturday Evening, April 24, 1926

GOOD MUSIC

TICKETS, - - - ONE DOLLAR

COMMITTEE

JOSEPH R. COLLINS, Chairman

JOSEPH F. GRAHAM

ALBERT LAZAR

JACK SOBEL

ED. BONVILLAIN

CHARLES J. SANFORD

Member No. 23, N. F. S. D.

12 John Street, New York

Telephone Cortland 1083

Room 64

MANUFACTURER OF FINE

Platinum and Gold Mounting Diamond Jewelry

Fraternity Pins, Class Pins, Silver Cups, Medals, and Prizes. Also Badges for Balls and Picnics.

We carry a full line of ladies and gents Watches, American and Swiss made. Also a full line of Platinum and Gold Rings, Pins and Brooches, at Factory Prices

ORDER WORK A SPECIALTY

RESERVED FOR

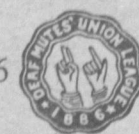
Hebrew Association of the Deaf

PICNIC

Saturday, June 26, 1926

FORTIETH YEAR

1886 1926



BASKET BALL and DANCE

Inter-City Championship

FANWOOD A. A. vs. LEXINGTON A. A.
Champions 1924 and 1925 Champions 1923

MANHATTAN FRATS vs. DEAF-MUTES' UNION LEAGUE

AUSPICES

Deaf-Mutes' Union League

[INCORPORATED]

AT THE

22d REGIMENT ARMORY

Broadway and 168th Street

NEW YORK CITY

Saturday Evening, February 20, 1926

at 8:15 o'clock

MUSIC BY 22d N. Y. ENGINEERS BAND

Tickets, - - - \$1.00

TWELFTH

ANNUAL

MASQUERADE BALL

UNDER AUSPICES OF

Newark Division, No. 42, N. F. S. D.

AT

EAGLES' HALL

28 EAST PARK STREET

Newark, N. J.

Afternoon and Evening, February 22, 1926

THRILLING INDOOR SPORTS AT 3 P.M. (Prizes for Winners)
—Steeplechase, Golf, Roller Skating.

MASKED BALL AT 8 P.M.—Cash Prizes for Fancy Dress Costumes.

ADMISSION, - \$1.00

A. L. THOMAS, Chairman.

BE PREPARED FOR A GOOD TIME

AT THE

Third Biennial

CONVENTION

OF THE

New Jersey Branch

OF THE

National Association of the Deaf

Trenton, N. J., February 20, 21, 22

FIRST DAY—Reception and Dance at Republican Hall, 139 East Hanover Street, 8:30 P.M.

SECOND DAY—Lectures, Movies, etc., at old School for Deaf, Hamilton and Chestnut Avenues.

THIRD DAY—Official Business (begins 9 A.M.) in the Y. M. C. A. and basketball game in "gym" of same place, starting at 2 P.M.

FANWOOD vs. N. J. SCHOOL

(The winner will receive a valuable trophy)

To reach Republican Club—Take trolley to center of town (State and Broad) and walk one block northerly to Hanover Street, turn to the right and find number 139. Y. M. C. A.—Just walk northerly two or three minutes from Railroad depot to corner of State and Clinton. School for Deaf—Take east bound Hamilton Avenue trolley, get off corner Hamilton and Chestnut Avenues.

For hotel reservations write to Miss Emily Sterck (ladies), or Mr. Vito Dondiego (gents) Address them care of New Jersey School for Deaf, Trenton, N. J.

FIFTH

ANNUAL

GAMES

Fanwood Athletic Association

UNDER AUSPICES OF THE

NEW YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF

AT THE

INSTITUTION GROUNDS

Monday Afternoon, May 31, 1926

From 1:30 to 6 P.M.

ADMISSION TO GROUNDS, 25 CENTS

DETAILS IN JANUARY

SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM

Investment Bonds

18 West 107th Street

New York City

Correspondent of

LEW, HIGGINSON & COMPANY

DEAR SIR OR MADAME:—

May I trouble you to send me a list of your bonds and stocks?

This information given to me will be to your advantage and help in the strictest confidence.

It is my desire to keep track of your present holdings, whether or not purchased through me, so that I can be in a position to advise you in the future, regarding your securities, with a view to the possible improvement of your account.

Yours respectfully,

SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM.

The

NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Provides for your family and for yourself with policy contracts not excelled in all the world.

No discrimination against deaf-mutes. No charge for medical examination.

Can You Ask More?

When you think of Savings, go to a Bank. When you think of Life Insurance plus savings, write or see—

MARCUS L. KENNER

Eastern Special Agent

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Bronx Division, No. 92

Meets at Bronx Castle Hall, 149th Street and Walton Avenue, Bronx, N. Y. On the first Friday of each month. Write to Edward P. Bonvillain, Secretary, 413 East 169 Street, Bronx, N. Y.

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March 27—Lecture

April 24—Card Party

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